

the landscape may be, it lends its charms of delight only to those who appropriate its blessings, through the organ of sight, in looking upon the scene; and however many the displays and provisions of grace, toward fallen man, they will only benefit those, who through the ordinances and means of of faith, appropriate their savings influences of power.

All the truths of the Bible therefore, are but the vials containing the remedy for sin; the commandments of God, are the inscribed directions for its use; and the history of the victory and triumph of the saints, is the catalogue of certificates, attesting to its life-restoring power. "And many other signs, truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book," said John, "But these are written, that ye might believe *that Jesus is the Christ*, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." The object of the Christian's faith, therefore, is not a doctrine, but a person; and this is heaven's prescription to the sinner today. Of its effects on the soul, the apostle declares: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God."

Beautifully has Pollock written:

"All faith was one. In object, not in kind, The difference lay. The faith that saved a soul, And that which in the common truth believed, In essence were the same. Hear, then, what faith,

True Christian faith, which brought salvation was,—

Belief in all that God revealed to men;
Observe, in all that God revealed to men;
In all He promised, threatened, commanded, said,

Without exception, and without a doubt."

For "the Promise" says Paul, "was not to the circumcision only" but to those also, "who walk in the steps of that faith of our Father Abraham," "which he had being yet uncircumcised," "who is the Father of us all." "Now the Lord God had said unto Abraham, get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy Father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee"! These words like a sudden volcanic eruption, amidst a sound of terror, had swept o'er his soul and buried the hopes and prospects of his life, under the smoking ashes of a hopeless ruin. Returning to the secret chambers of his soul, he began to

meditate. The flag of his country, borne on the wings of the Chaldean breeze, never reflected such charms before; the bird-songs in its sacred groves, seemed like symphonies of heaven, sweeping through the branches of the o'er shadowing trees; the scenes and recollections of sweet and innocent childhood, were crowding through the gates of memory into his soul; the purling brook was murmuring in his ears the story of his youth; and vying in its charms with the verdure of the meadows, and the shaded springs and flowers by its side; like a hot simoon, the thoughts of leaving his kindred and his home forever, was sweeping o'er his heart, and consuming the affections of his soul. Here were the sands that his feet had pressed in childhood; and here under the shadow of the marble, and the sweet-centred rose-bush on the distant hill-top, lay sleeping in death, the treasures of his sainted kindred. The hills and valleys over which his feet had so often trod, lay folded at his feet like the treasured letters from our dead—too sacred, to open and read. Every grove and stream had its chain of attraction; every projecting rock, had its history, and stood like a monument at the grave of some sacred memory. But the voice of God had called him, and "By faith, Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should afterward receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went."!! "And Abraham passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh." "And the Lord appeared unto Abraham and he removed from thence, unto a mountain on the east of Bethel; and there he built an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord."

On that sacred mountain, by the eye of faith, we see the footsteps of Abraham, today; and in the ashes of the fire that consumed the sacrifice of his heart, is a lesson that Christian hearts should ponder well. Like the Son of God, who was led from the baptismal waters, and the rich and beautiful plains of Jordan into the wilderness of temptation, the Father of the faithful was led into the wilderness of a famine in Canaan, and driven into the floods of temptation issuing forth from

the court of the Pharos'. As the angels from heaven ministered unto Christ in the wilderness, his heart was strengthened on his return to Canaan, by the presence of God, and a renewal of the promise.

With confidence in Jehovah, he rescues Lot from the chains of Chedor-laomer, and honors the special priesthood of God, in tithes to Melchizedek. Under the shadows of night, in obedience to the command of God, on the lonely plains of Dura, we see him by the hand of faith driving away the fowls from his sacrifice, and waiting for the smoking furnace and the burning lamp to pass in acknowledgement, between the opened bodies of his bleeding sacrifices! Visited by the angels of destruction upon the cities of the plain, he intercedes with tears for Sodom; and finally submits his will, to the will of God. With deep sorrow of heart we see him in the wilderness of Beersheba, struggling with his affections, as he presses Hagar and Ishmael to his heart in their parting, trusting that, in some way, God would overrule it for the best. But the crowning act of his faith shines over the centuries from Mt. Moriah! The stars in the heavens were beginning to brighten. As his feet were standing upon the mountains, he could see the day, approaching. At that moment, a voice startled him:

"Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering"! Like nails of pointed steel, every word had pierced his heart, and the agony of pain, was crushing his soul. All night, like the ocean, his heart was troubled with storms, as he wrestled with God, and sobbed in prayer, for the life of his son.

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning".... and took the wood of the burnt-offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife: and they went both of them together." All the promises of God, and the hopes of Abram, were wrapped up in Isaac; and as by the command of Jehovah his feet were climbing the mountain, his sun was setting into starless midnight. Like Jesus, bearing his cross on Calvary, Isaac is bearing the wood for the fire,